

ACT III] LADY WINDERMERE'S
FAN 329

Dumby. So could I. But it's so difficult to meet one.

Lord Darlington. How can you be so conceited; *Dumby?*

Dumby. I didn't say it as a matter of conceit. I said it as a matter of regret. I have been wildly, madly adored. I am sorry I have. It has been an immense nuisance. I should like to be allowed a little time to myself now and then.

Lord Augustus. [*Looking round.*] Time to educate yourself, I suppose.

Dumby. No, time to forget all I have learned. That is much

more important, dear Tuppy.

[Lord Augustus moves uneasily in

his chair.

Lord Darlington. What cynics you fellows are!

Cecil Graham. What is a cynic?

[Sitting on the back of

ike sofa.

Lord Darlington. A man who knows the price of everything

and the value of nothing.

Cecil Graham. And a sentimentalist, my dear

Darlington, is a

man who sees an absurd value in everything,

and doesn't

know the market price of any single thing.

Lord Darlington. You always amuse me, Cecil.

You talk as if

you were a man of experience.

Cecil Graham. I am. *[Moves up to front of fireplace.*

Lord Darlington. You are far too young!

Cecil Graham. That is a great error.

Experience is a question

of instinct about life. I have got it.

Tuppy

hasn't.

Ex-

perience is the name Tuppy gives to his mistakes.

That is all.

[Lord Augustus looks round indignantly,

Dumby. Experience is the name every one

gives to their

mistakes.

Cecil Graham. [*Standing with his back to the*

fireplace.] One

shouldn't commit any.

[Sees Lady Windermere's fan

on sofa.

Dumby. Life would be very dull without them.

Cecil Graham. Of course you are quite faithful to

this woman

you are in love with, *Darlington,* to this good

woman?

Lord Darlington. Cecil, if one really loves a

woman, all other

women in the world become absolutely

meaningless to one.

Love changes one—I am changed.

Cecil Graham. Dear me! How very

interesting! *Tuppy,* I

want to talk to you.

[Lord Augustus takes no

notice.

Dumby. It's no use talking to Tuppy. You might

just as well

talk to a brick wall*